Midwest Regional TickleFest

*March 23-24 * Chicago, IL*

2001

Official Program

A few house rules:

Please refrain from smoking in any of the four playrooms. Parking in the motel lot is for registered motel guests only. No nudity in the lower stairs corridor. Photography is allowed only with the prior permission of the attendee(s) you you wish to shoot. Kindly honor all request s for "no face to be shown". As a courtesy, please ask first whether you can join in on a scene in progress.

Midwest Regional TickleFest

Official Schedule

Friday, March 23

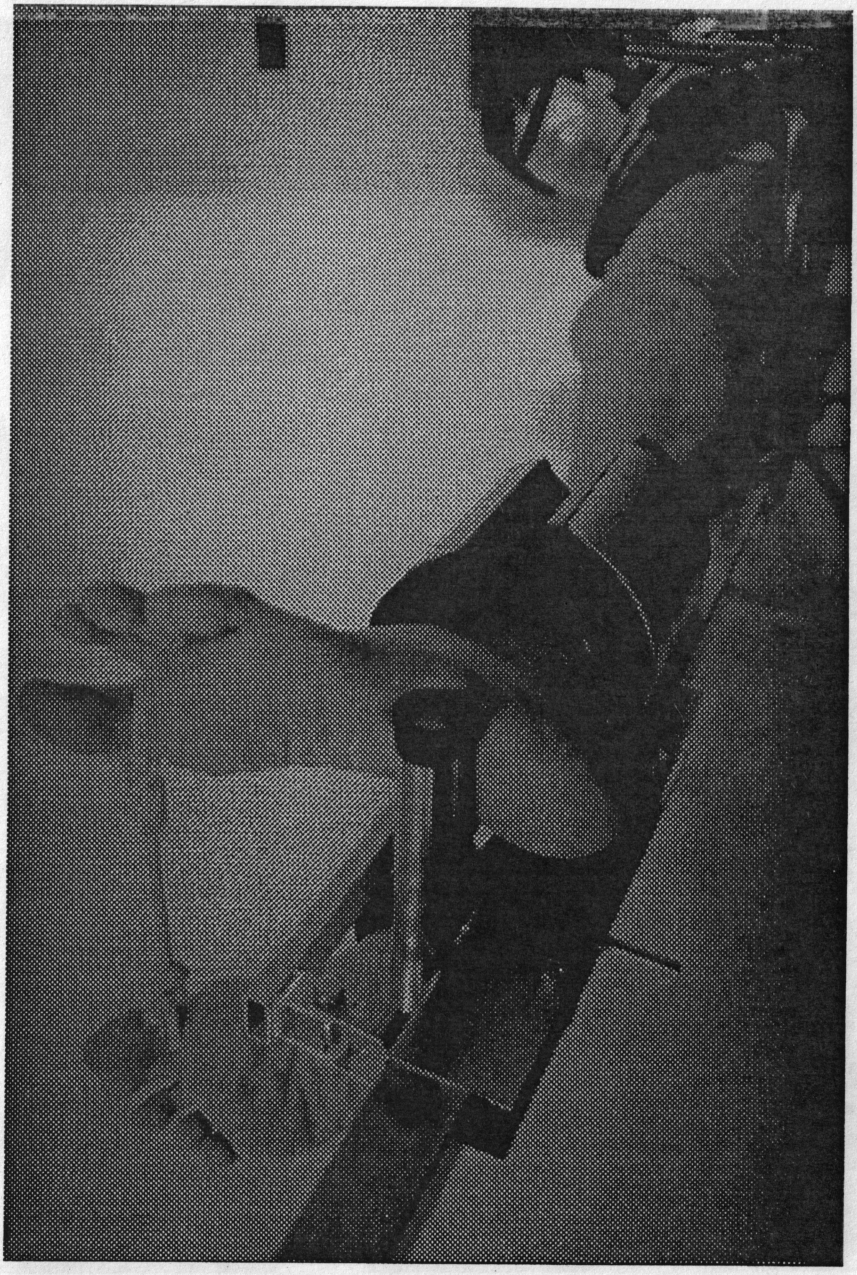
7 pm - 2 am	Playtime

Saturday, March 24

2 pm - 6 pm	Playtime
6 pm	Pizza Served
7 pm - 2 am	Playtime
11 pm	Birthday Cake Served

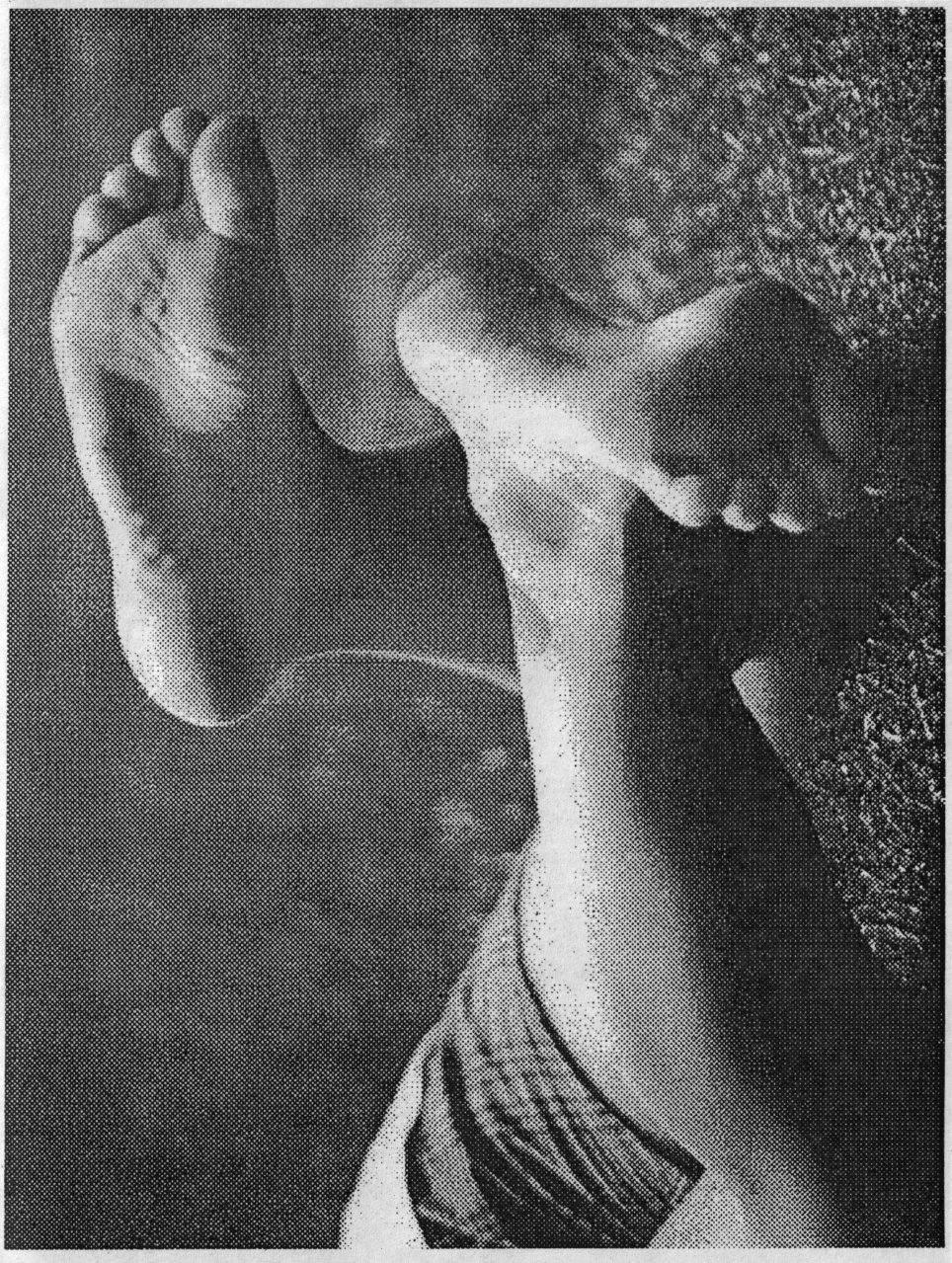
Special Thanks to:

Rhino Wraps for donated prizes.
MTMTN VIdeos for providing videos.
Jay Grafmiller for providing videos & extended photographic services.
Studio R for booklet photos/graphics.
Alfonso and Jon K. for encouragement.
CM Productions, Inc. for booklet layout.
Wes for game planning & fiendish plots.

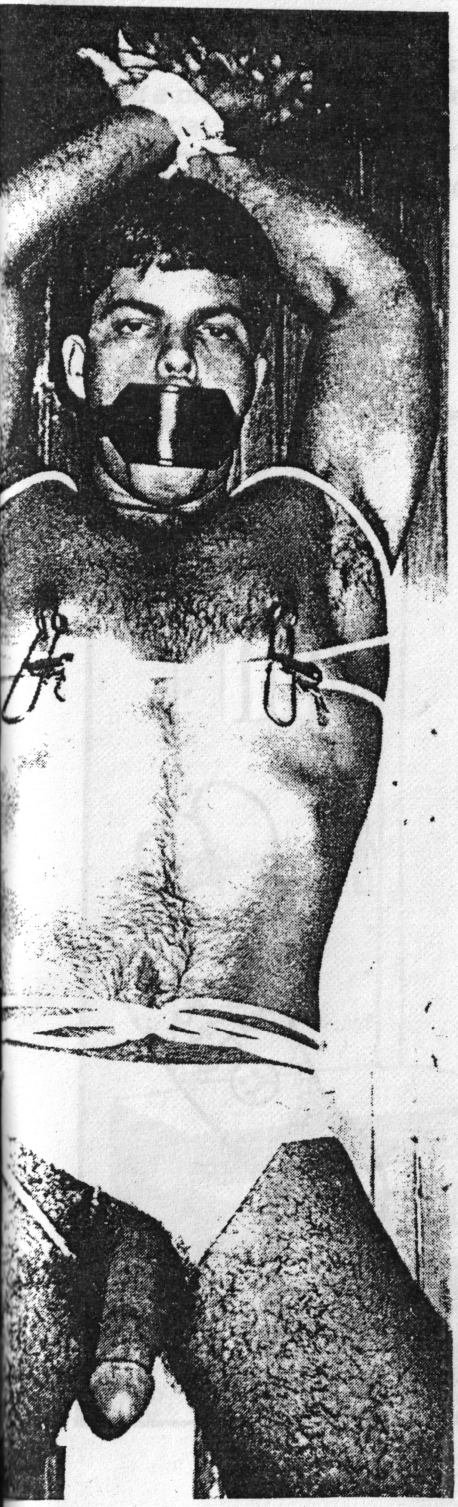


Put your best foot forward!

Actual ad that appeared in Gay Chicago, Oct. 2000.



In honor of the 1st week of SPRING.



<<TickleGrams>>

Greetings from NOO YAWK to youse guys! Sorry I can't be there to join in the general hilarity, but I hope to hear all about it from at least one intrepid chronicler. <Hint!> Feel free to dedicate one of the victims (or perhaps a body part) to me in absentia.

--- FingrFethr@aol.com New York

* * * * *

Hi gang! By Saturday night, elect the Most Ticklish Bottom. ALL the Tops give him 10 nonstop minutes for each message posted.

--- Alfonso
alfonso82@hotmail.com S.F.

* * * * *

To all those lucky guys attending TF on Friday, have a blast! Since it'll be my birthday, I want you to all party EXTRA hearty for me too! I wish I could be there with you, so think of me often! Rich, have a Happy Birthday on Saturday!

--- Cookie Bermuda
cookie_man_007@yahoo.com

* * * * *

Hope TickleFest works out great!

--- Norge
norge@inetworld.net LA

* * * * *

Fancy a Tickle?? Don't laugh til you try it! Happy Birthday, Rich.

--- W8ng2Laf@aol.com Philly

To Rich: Happy Birthday!
To all participants: Have a great time. I hope you all get your fill of tickling. May the bottoms scream with ecstacy and may the tops find their perfect tickle toys. Finally, I hope that some guys who might have never bottomed get brave enough to do so to give you all a treat. I hope your ropes hold out. Hugs for everyone.

--- JerryB SF
jerryandpatrick@worldnet.att.net

* * * * *

To all the ticklers at TF:
Tie 'em, tag 'em, & tickle 'em!!!
Sorry that I can't join you. Let's link up in NY sometime.

--- Frank
F41412@aol.com NY/NJ

* * * * *

Hey there Rich,

Sorry I can't join in. You are an awesome tickler (I know from experience). You drove me crazy, man! Take care, and say hello to all my fellow tickle buds for me.

--- Jerry Portland-area, OR
Button1749@aol.com

* * * * *

Hey Guys at the Chicago TF...
Have a great time and a lot of laughs. Really enjoyed the TF99 in SF. Am sure that Rich will show you a great time!!!

--- Dave Olsen
dav36@earthlink.net
Portland, OR/Palm Desert, CA

Greetings to all tickle lovers! Hope you have a chortling, howling, and a pleading good time during these two days of planned mass hysteria!

--- Lew ***kucheeku@webtv.net*** ***Rochester, NY***

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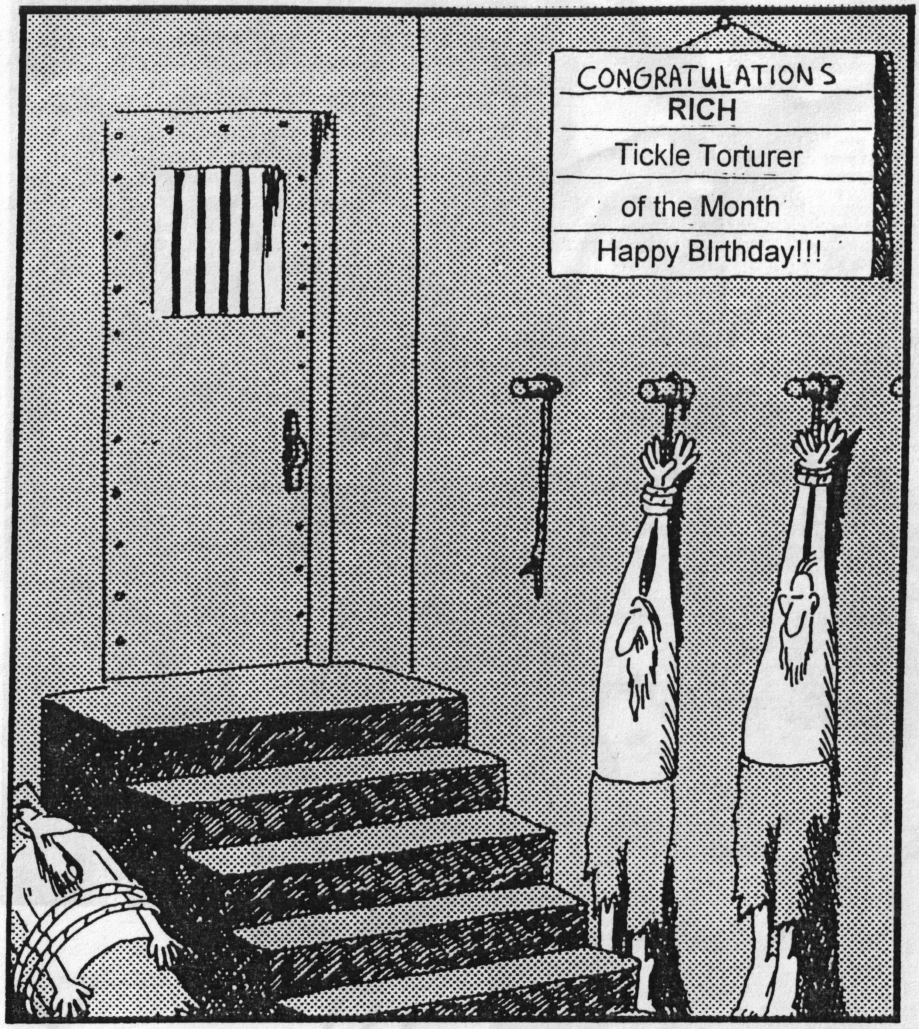
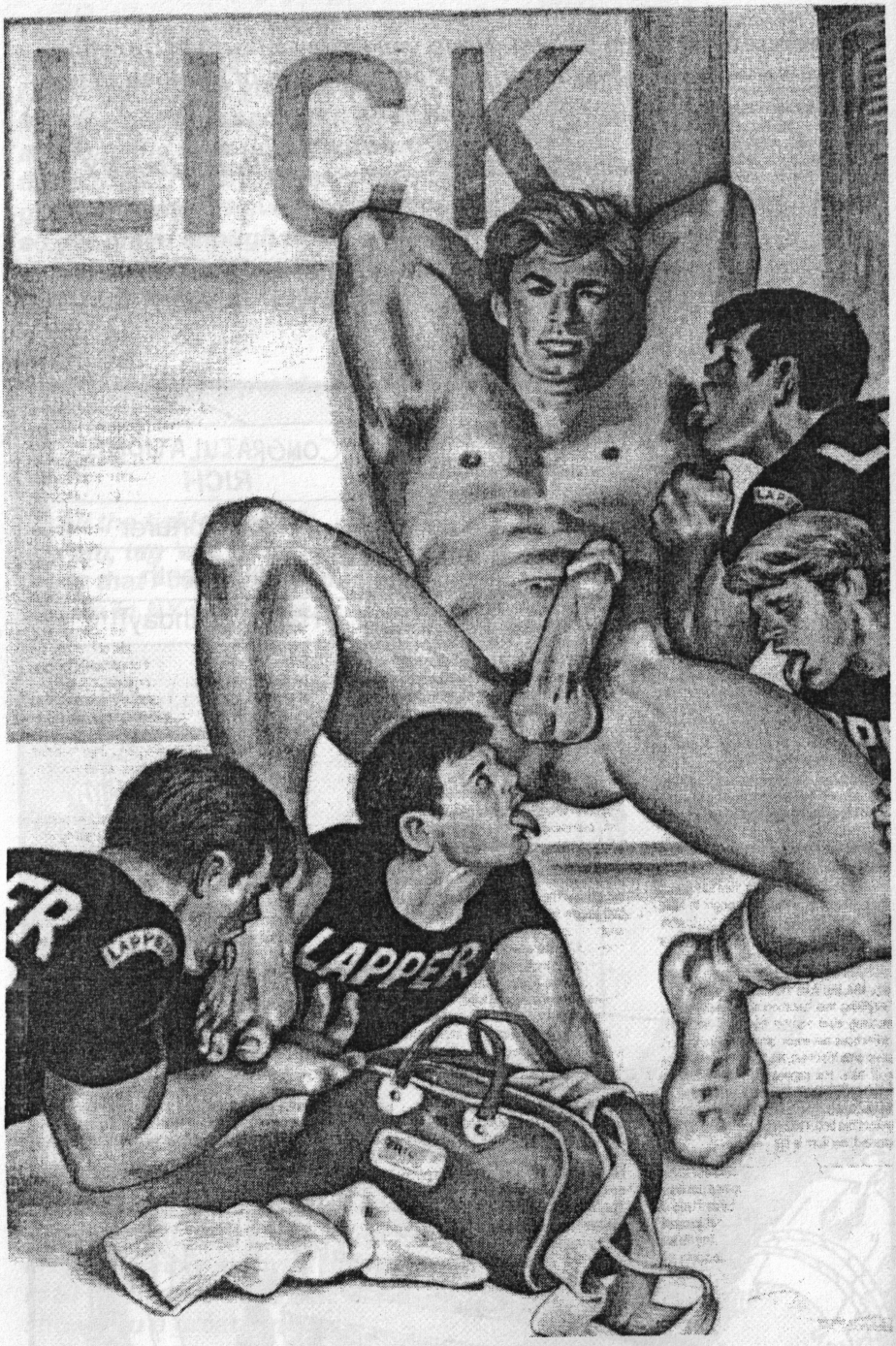
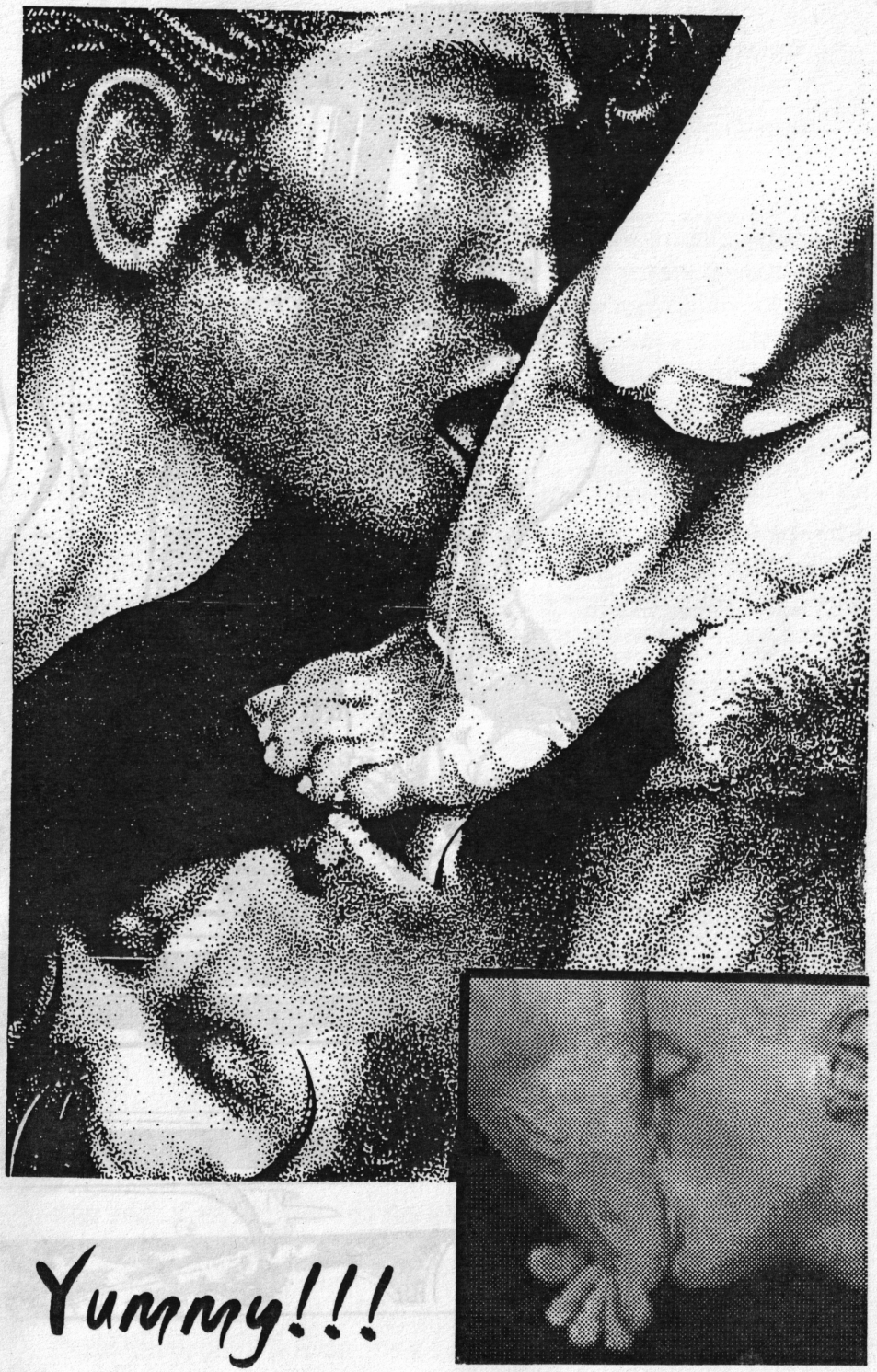
Hey Rich:



--- from the "Tickle Gang"


LICK
LAPPER


Yummy!!!

Brush
after every
meal!!!

A Very Messy Divorce

An original story soon to be posted on net
by
Alfonso
alfonso82@hotmail.com

The lady comes waltzing right into my office before my secretary could open the door for her. This beautiful lady, picture Sharon Stone in *Total Recall* crossed with Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat,* was anxious to hear what my investigation uncovered about her husband. She tossed her ash-blonde hair and laughed a deep, throaty laugh. She had an idea that this was going to be *good*! She didn't know the half of it! My agency has been around since the late 80's and I've done a lot of cases, mostly infidelity stuff. But this case was....unusual.

Mrs. Lana Huston, my client, hired me just a week ago. She suspected her husband of fooling around on her. Nothing new there. In my line of work, you learn that their are two types of husbands; those who fool around and those who commit adultery. She hired me to investigate.

I told the lady to have a seat. She eased into my leather chair and crossed her legs.

I opened the copy of my report that was laying on top of my desk. I told her how I had tailed her husband after work, found out that he liked an upper class dive called The Pillow Talk Lounge, which is located at the Paradise Hotel. I arranged for a lure, Teresa, to be there waiting for him. Teresa is the kind of intense brunette that can make a guys eyes pop out even if he's blind. Within fifteen minutes, she invites him back to her room, which is loaded with hidden cameras and mikes. The result was some of the strangest footage I've ever seen, and I've seen it all. I read about what went on, my client stayed cool throughout the whole thing, like I was giving her directions to a cotillion. She asked if I had the footage. I pointed to the pile of three videos stacked on the set at the corner of the office.

Without asking, she walks over and pops one into the VCR. She grabs the remote from on top of the set and switches it on. She stood there and watched ALL three tapes. Not just looked STUDIED those tapes. All the while, she has this weird expression on her face, not upset at all, but intense. I could just see the gears and wheels shifting in her head.

When she was done, she faced me.

"You have your work cut out for you, Mr. Spade," her voice is low and seductive. She's *trouble*, the kind of trouble that's expensive.

"Look, I got all you need to nail this guy in court. What else do you expect from me."

"My soon-to-be ex-husband needs to be punished," she says. "Severely."

"Look, I don't do hits. Too risky..."

"What I have in mind, Mr. Spade, is a fate worse than death. My husband is a very proud man. I want you to bring him down. Hard. And in a way no one in this town, in this *country*, will ever forget."

With that she sits on my desk and tosses her head back.

We begin negotiating right on the spot.

Jay Huston stormed out of City Hall. He had spearhead a committee to put an end, for once and for all, the city's Gay Pride Parade. Today's meeting was a last ditch effort to put a stop to it. But the mayor and the Board of Supervisors were ruthless in there refusal. The mayor supported Gay Rights and even the most conservative bureaucrats there were reluctant to put a stop to an event that would bring millions of free spending tourists into the city.

Jay could practically feel the steam come out of his ears as he stomped his way to the underground garage. This city, the place where he grew up, where his grandfather had grown up, was becoming a haven for every kind of weirdo. Jay had inherited Dad's real estate business and from a mere three million worth of properties had created a small empire of real estate, dot com investments, a chain of barbecue restaurants featuring waitresses dressed like cowgirls and his favorite, a porn site starring his mistress Monique, a hot brunette who got 2 million hits a month for doing little more than prancing in front of a cam wearing nothing or next to nothing. This last business was his little secret.

Monique satisfied his every sexual kink, including the one where she pretended to be a lady burglar, making him strip naked while pointing a fake gun at him. At fifty, Jay prided himself on having the body of a

guy in his mid-thirties. He worked out religiously and his body was lean and symmetrical. His hair was still mostly blonde and cut short, his dark brown mustache and brows neatly trimmed. He kept his feet in great shape, making sure that they were always pedicured, trimmed of calluses and further softened by expensive creams. Monique loved playing with those wide, high-arched, size 13's of his, gently tickling them with her teeth and stroking them with feathers. This always made him rock hard.

He pulled out the cell phone from his coat pocket. He'd call Monique and give her a tumble. Suddenly, he heard footsteps, A cloth full of chloroform suddenly covered his nostrils. He struggled against at least six pairs of hands. He heard cruel laughter as he quickly lost consciousness, a sinking feeling overcoming his stomach.

Okay, so now we have him. I stick a mild sedative into a vein in his ass. He sleeps like a baby.

What I have planned for this guy is *good* if I do say so myself. I have my two goons, excuse me, *assistants*. BIG guys, at least six foot six each. Mike and Spike, the first a big strappin' Swede and the other is a fullback-sized black guy. Both scarey-lookin' as hell.

These guys share a big apartment. I mean HUGE with everything black, curtains, walls, ceilings, floors bathroom fixtures, everything. We tie Jay spread-eagled, stripped down to his skivvies and socks, in the guest bedroom. He was going to have a BIG day tomorrow.

Jay felt himself being thrown into the trunk of the car. Darkness. The brief warmth on his skin before his captors had closed the lid told him that the sun was out. His mind was reeling as he tried to organize his thoughts. His mouth could not form words and his throat was as sand-dry. He felt movement. His empty stomach felt as if it was being tossed around; he would have thrown up if anything were inside of it. As things were, just trying to hold his head up made him so dizzy, his fear was all but erased. His heart pounded, but he just wanted the car to stop so that his stomach would descend from its current perch just behind his molars.

The car came to a slow stop, He felt the warm air against his skin. Two pairs of rough hands pulled him roughly from his prison. He tried to open his eyes, but the sunshine was so bright and he was so woozy, the

world around him looked as if he was staring at it through an aquarium, everything fuzzy, but bright. He kept hearing strange peels of laughter and words he couldn't understand, though he knew those words were English. Her heard applause, then felt himself hoisted upwards, his socked feet landing on what felt like shredded paper. Several men were around him now, pulling his boxer shorts down, putting something else on him, something covering his crotch though he still felt air on his ass. He knew damn well what it was but he still couldn't think; common words were beyond his grasp. He felt his arms pulled up, something tight around each wrist, holding them in place. Just then, he noticed that his feet were off the ground, straps pulled tight around his thighs and calves then tightened 'til he could no longer move his legs; he was hovering in the air. Someone pulled off his socks. He felt a shock as he bare feet were exposed. Size 13, sensitive as hell, impeccably groomed, like the rest of him.

"Open up, stud," a deep voice said.

Jay felt fingers grasp either side of his face. A pill popped into his mouth followed by warm liquid. Coffee...cream and sugar. He swallowed on reflex.

He felt something hard pushed onto his head, almost completely covering it, except he could feel the warm air against his face. The coffee affected him very quickly, it had been much stronger than he would have guessed. He gasped when he beheld what was in front of him.

Footballs players. Six of them. In red pants and white jerseys. And cheerleaders. Six of them. Red pleated pants, white long sleeved shirts, red and white pom poms. Something about the cheerleaders. They're all guys! Bright green astro turf on the ground. But it wasn't really ground. He was on....a flatbed...a .....FLOAT!

Still woozy, but now capable of moving his head around, Jay surveyed the scene, his heart pounding with dread. He saw movement beyond the float. Men and women strolling around, a small crowd pointing....at him! And....laughing! He could hear a cameras clicking here and there. With his peripheral vision, someone in particular caught his eye: a dark man muscular man in white T-shirt and jeans, a Press tag pinned over his right pec, pointing a camcorder at Jay. The man also wore earphones and a speaker.

"STOP that," Jay said, but his words were mumbled and guttural.

"Hello, Jay."

The words came from within this thing on his head. Jay now head the presence of mind to figure out what it was...a helmet. It was the man with the camcorder who spoke. There was a speaker in the helmet.

"Don't even try to speak, Jay. All you'll be able to make are sounds for now. And you'll be making plenty more of those shortly. You should be *honored*; you're on the very first float in our festive little parade here. Just about ready to start, I see. Oh, I almost forgot—"

The man signaled one of the football players. They talked for a moment, the athlete took the camcorder and strolled over to Jay.

Jay gazed at the tiny screen, he saw a man in a naked, save for a jockstrap and a football helmet, hanging from white straps between makeshift goal posts. Suddenly, he realized he was looking at a playback of himself. He grunted and began to thrash. The football player laughed heartily and returned the cam to Jay.

"That's right, Jay. You're the star of today's Pride March! Yep, you can pull on those things and mumble all you want. That stuff I shot you up with last night is still in your system. You'll regain you're voice all right, but do you *really* want people to hear you? They might try to remove your helmet. And with all this press around.....Just imagine all the photos wired all around the country, on the NET! Not to mention the videos! Do you have ANY idea how many people have camcorders here today. Must be HUNDREDS at least! Now just keep cool. It's just a JOKE man. A *sick* joke, you might think, but a joke all the same. Nobody's ever going to see the face behind that helmet, I promise.

Hey, hear we go! You're going to LOVE this, man!"

The float began to move. He could hear the crowd applaud and whistle, the cheerleaders jump. And the players... were starting to circle....

Now I got him!

Two players at his feet, one at either side for the ribs, and two at his back to play with those pits! Goddamn! Just listen to that asshole LAUGH!

"You LOVE this shit, don't you! I know you do, I've got the inside track! You're in great shape, dude. Just think of the hundreds of thousands of people looking at you1 Pointing, taking pics and video! You're image is going to be all over the world in just a few hours!"

Jay could think of nothing, his whole body was being assaulted. He always head a thing about tickling, but from women. The idea of man touching his body. ... well, he had never even allowed himself to think about thay. But now, he felt electrified!

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!OH!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NOOOOO! AGGGGGHHHHHH!"

The guys at his feet were stroking devilishly, no amount of squirming he could do would avoid those strong, insistent fingers. Then they started playing with his *toes*! He regained his voice then.

"SHIT! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NO! S S STOP!!!
NOT THERE NOT THERE!
AGHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Though he felt the tickling everywhere, the tickling on his toes was the worst. What if they found out.....they wouldn't *dare*!

Fingers seemed to swarm all over his body, stroking here prodding there.

The mike in his helmet boomed, "You sure look good, man. But you haven't really been tested yet.

Jay was laughing his head off. He had never felt so totally NAKED and vulnerable in his entire life! Somebody was going to pay for this!

Suddenly, he felt a pair of firm rough hands on either side of his butt.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! NO! DON"T!HAHAHHAHAHA! NOT THERE! I'M BEGGING YOU! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

He could feel the warm breeze brushing against his asshole. The something soft. A feather!

His sensitivity and embarrassment went up a thousandfold with this latest outrage! Jay screamed in abject tickle AGONY! Sensations

coursed through his body like millions of electric shocks! All at once. And all the cheerleaders and players were laughing and bellowing. As the float made it's latest in a series of short stops, he heard many more voices from the street, laughing and cat calling in a chorus of ruthless humiliation.

"Yeah! Give it to him!"

"He LOVES it! Just listen to him LAUGH!

"Don't let up, guys! He needs it bad!

"Look at the bulge in that jock! He's just EATING this up"

Jay felt tears well up. His body was betraying him. Despite all the mental discipline he was trying to muster, his cock was starting to get HARD! All these sensations! The thought of all these people, staring at his near-nude body, actually *encouraging* these guys! And all he could do was LAUGH!

"GOD! NO! NOOOOO!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA—", Jay yelled and laughed louder than he ever had in his entire life! Louder than the time those sorority girls kidnapped him, wrapped him in a blanket and tickled his feet. Louder than when his frat brothers wrestled him down while he was drunk and just tickled the living bejesus out of him! Louder than the time he was tricked into the stocks at the Renaissance fair by that blonde guy, who then stripped off Jay's shoes and socks and encouraged *dozens* of people to tickle his bare feet for *hours*.

Jay heard the voice again.

"Yeah, Jay, we're about to up the ante a little bit! Make this truly a memorable experience!—"

"NO! DON'T! HAHAHAHAHAHA! PLEASE!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Aw, Jay! Where's your sense of *humor* man! This is fucking historical! This town, hell, the whole fucking WORLD will be talking about this for years! It'll probably be in the Guiness Book Of World Records!—"

"OH NOOOO!--"

"Oh , yes, Jay! You see, we're about to stop in front of the grandtstands, where the judges are—"

"AHHHHHHHH!HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Yeah, it sure *is* funny, ain't it, Jay? Hey, here we are!"

It's been a long walk for me. The whole length of the parade, I've been really diligent about capturing this whole thing from many angles, even focusing on the crowd once in a while just to add some interest. I mean, these people have been *heartless*, the way they've been egging the football players on. But now, for the *piece de resistance*.

Max, the guy who's been tickling Jay's asshole, signals the others to stop tickling. The cheerleaders stand and pose while the judges look study the float. Celebrities from the gay community, the judges seem to take their work *very seriously*. Armistead Maupin, Lily Tomlin, and Jack Horvath look as if they're

Max is a huge Hispanic guy with a goatee and a devilish grin. He smirks and winks at the others. Suddenly, in a deep voice he yells, "NOW!"

He reaches down to Jay's crotch and riiiiiiiiiiiip, the jock flies off. Mack tosses it to a group of leathermen. And Jay's cock is released for all the world to see, (about eight inches worth , TOTALLY hard, even the veins are visible in the sunlight) including the tv cams who are recording the whole thing live. Seems to me we've totally exceeded legal boundaries here, but I bet Mrs Huston used her pull at City Hall to make sure that all goes smoothly today. Besides, the tv cams, will probably do that fuzzy thing around his crotch so the folks at home can't see his cock. Of course, there are hundreds of private camcorders trained on this. Not to mention digital cameras. And one of the TV cams is from Gay-TV.....

The moment the jockstrap is torn off, the team resumes their places and tickles Jay with renewed vigor. The difference now is, Max concentrates on Jays baseball-sized nuts. I thought he howled when he had his asshole tickled! NOTHING compared to this! He's so loud, he almost drowns out the laughter and taunts from the crowd. All the while his cock and balls are bobbin' up and down so hard, I'm surprised they stay on his body.

I spot one of the cheerleaders, Rick and give him the signal. The blonde kid gives me a grin about a mile wide. He assumes the position behind Jay, gets up on tip toe. On cue, the other cheerleaders get on their knees and start banging on the floor of the float, to simulate a drum roll.

"Hey, Jay, remember how I promised you that if you'd just play along with us, everything would be okay and we wouldn't remove your helmet. ..well....I LIED!"

Then Jay removes the football helmet from Jay's head. In more ways than one, Jay is a big man in this town. The crowd let out a collective gasp. Then their laughter started anew, louder this time. And the reporters swarm like insects right in front of the float, the clicking of cameras sounding like cicadas in a swamp; the driver couldn't do his job and resume moving the float now even if he wanted to.

Jay's expression is amazing. Beat red from laughing, eyes clenched shut, with tears still pouring down his face, he's the most thoroughly humiliated man I've ever seen. He's been displayed worse than an animal in a zoo. The whole world is going to know about this, and there isn't a damn thing he can do about it. But laugh. And laugh. And laugh.

Just when you think nothing else could possibly happen, something does. Something even I couldn't have plan, though I wish i could have, it's SO goddamn perfect.

Jay Cums. Like a goddamn GUSHER! He growls like an animal then laughs, then growls again, ropes of jizz flying out of his cock at least three feet ahead of him, almost hitting some of the players.

The crowd applauds, some boos, but most just applaud and laugh and yell at him to do it again.

The driver finally starts to move the float. The cheerleaders start their routine again. And Jay is passed out, dead to the world. The players just leave him alone, wouldn't want him to have a heart attack or something.

The float travels two more blocks, then turns into a side street. Reporters are going nuts, taking enough pictures to cover a whole city.

I spot Lana Huston's black limo, right where it's supposed to be. The driver of the limo hops out and opens the door. She glides out of the car like she's attending the opening of an art gallery, followed by six security guards.

The security guards rush the float at untie Jay Huston, not even bothering to cover him with anything once they're done. They carry him, arms and legs, his ass hanging in the air and his spent dick flapping between his legs. Neither the crowd or the press want to get near these guys, they're so mean looking. Jay is starting to come too. He looks around, dazed, like he refuses to believe any of this could happen to him.

The guards stand Jay up in front of his wife, who stands there like an empress checking out a serf. Then two heads pop out the back windows of the limo.

"Hey, Lana!" Monique says. I though we were going to do a nice cozy little hot tub at your place!"

"We will, hon" Lana says, opening her purse. She hands each of the security guards a huge tip. She just looks at me and smiles. We'll settle up later.

"Bye boys! Good job!" she said graciously. "I'll see you tomorrow, Jay. At our lawyer's don't be late—"

"Lana—", he whispers hoarsely.

But she's already gotten back into the car, not even bothering to wait for her driver to open the door for her. They speed off down the street.

I don't know where he gets the energy, but Jay starts to run after the car. The crowd starts to yell and laugh, the sight of this totally naked hot shot running down the street after the limo is just too funny. The security guards and the football players high-five each other.

Max yells, "Let's get that ticklish fucker!"

They all run after Jay. I just turn and walk off; gotta find a cab, get back to my place and crash. I've had a hard day.

I hear they sound of Jay's screaming laughter as I turn the corner.

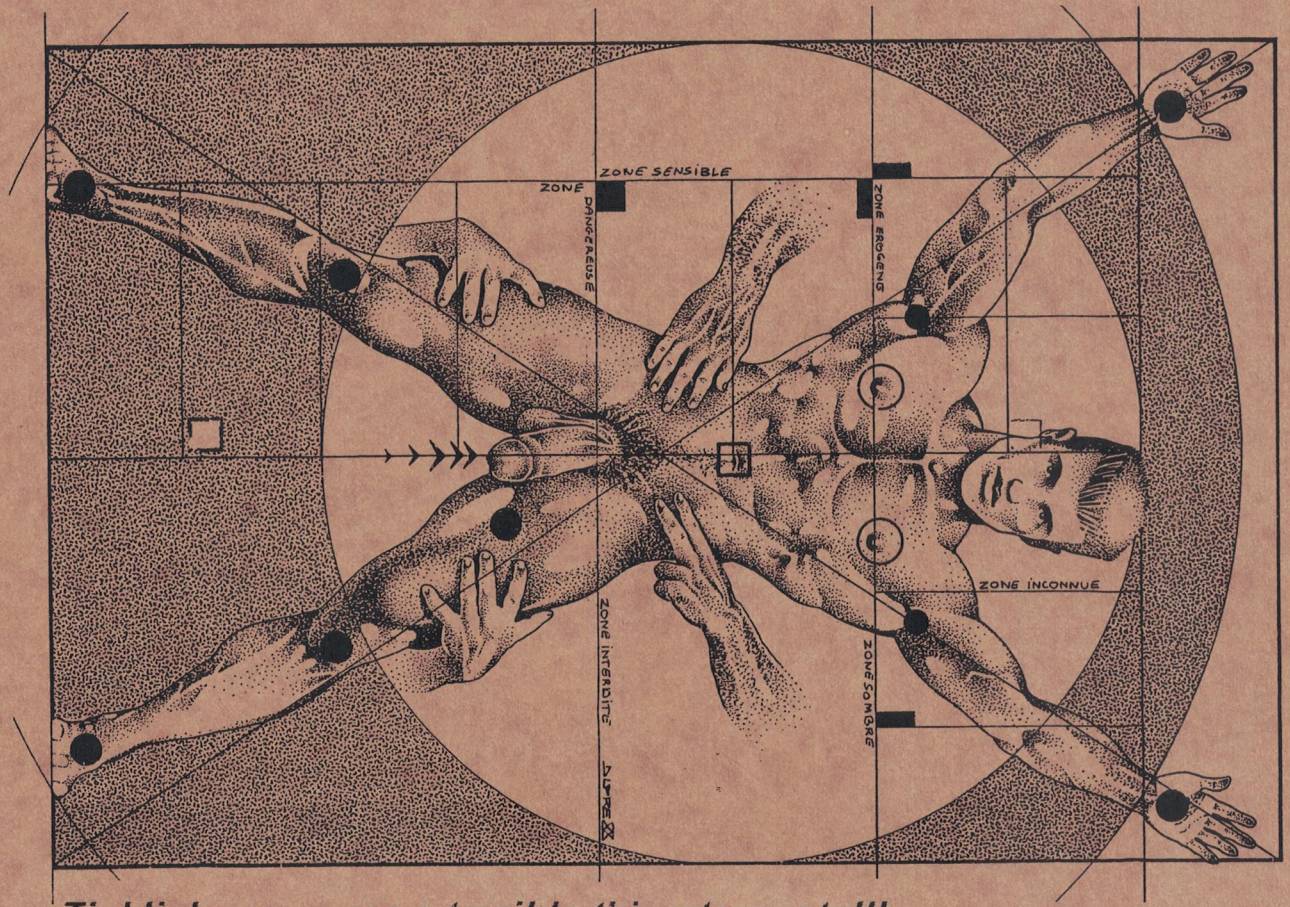
Didn't get enough? Want more?

Then make plans to come to the May 3-6

2001 San Francisco Regional TickleFest

Open to all, of course, regardless of what part of the planet (and even beyond...) you happen to be from. No registration fee. Everyone is responsible for their own expenses.

Out-of-towners are encouraged to stay at: BECK'S MOTOR LODGE, 2222 Market St., SF 94114. 1-800/227-4360 For further info, contact: Alfonso82@hotmail.com



Ticklish zones are a terrible thing to waste!!!